

PUNCTUATION

Driving 15 miles to shooting range, listening to Sonny Rollins blow on radio, the poet lets his mind glide back to check in on a small event in 1972. An art critic is examining the poet's drawings & even though the critic likes the inventiveness he says he thinks they are a little thin. He says to the poet you ever consider traveling in Europe? (To him the poet is a bit of a hick.) The poet says I'm too busy traveling in here & points to himself.

CORRESPONDENCE

Secured in my fireproof safe inside a manila envelope is correspondence from three artists. All date from the 60s except a letter post stamped 19 Jan 1988. All three artists, poet, short story writer & collagist made names for themselves before they died. My daughter, Lisa, attended a retro in New York City for the collagist who drowned in January. Says she saw my name on one of his pieces. Got me thinking about times past. Good times. Even got the letters & cards out but didn't read any.

SHADOW OF TRUTH

At a reading she organized, Kathryn asked him if he experienced the Muse. He thought hard because his memory is going soft but couldn't remember such help. He told her he thought he had an angel that guided him thru tough times so he could continue to write. He only half believed this, but after 30 years of hard work he was willing to share credit for his existence but not for his art.

ITCH

I'm itching to head for wide open spaces. Check out land & game. I've got roadways marked on a map leading to Winnemucca, Twin Falls, Ketchem, Stanley, Salmon, Missoula, Butte, Bozeman, Cody I've already laid out my gear, talked it over with wife & plan to put this fantasy to the test in September — see if I can uncover the voices urging on a man past his prime.